

A Million Morties

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A Million Morties

by [monstercupcakes](#)

Summary

A normal Morty loses his Rick, and is now one of the trillions of Morties that are without a Rick. * I dunno really where exactly this is going, so if there's something you wanna see, post it in the comments.* There will be at least 2 chapters, but no more than 15.

A/N: THIS FIC WILL NEVER BE FINISHED!! Sorry!!! :(

~I hope you enjoy!!!! :)

Chapter 1

He was just one out of infinite Morties. Well, he didn't have a Rick anymore, so that sucked. Apparently, his Rick was out drinking and a gang of aliens thought he called their leader a "glip glop" or something. It didn't matter, either way Rick was shot in the back of the head. It was also apparent that this was a fairly common occurrence considering there were a few dozen Morties in the cramped room with him. Some were bawling their eyes out, some were silently staring into space, and some were giggling and chatting to one another. It was all such a weird situation.

A Morty with blood splattered across his shirt approached him.

"Uhm... Ca-can I suh-sit with you?" He mumbled. Morty nodded, scooting over a bit.

"What happened to your Rick?" Morty asked casually.

"W-well, I shot him. I-I-I don't wanna g-get into that right now..." The blood-covered Morty stuttered.

"Mine was shot, too," Morty sighed.

"W-well, I heard that we-we're going to be auctioned off to a new Rick. O-o-o-or a new Rick will volunteer to-to live with o-our family..." The murderer rambled. Morty nodded. An oh, so familiar voice came over the intercom.

"Any Morties w-without a Rick, take your ass down to quadrant 46-B. I repeat, all Morties without a Rick, get your ass down to quadrant 46-B," the voice sounded bored and a little intoxicated, but none of the Morties minded. It was nice to hear their grandpa's voice again. The crowd of Morties stumbled around the Cidel of Ricks, all equally confused.

Eventually, they all made it to where they needed to be. A few Ricks with matching uniforms on herded the group to a wall. They stood in an impossibly long line, which led them straight to a gigantic stage. There were huge screens plastered around the stage, and a few camera-like things that pointed to an X on the floor. Morty was the third in line. He could hardly breathe as a Rick appeared on the stage. He hadn't noticed it before, but a huge crowd of Ricks was seated in what seemed like millions of theatre seats.

"Hey, f-fellow RIIICCKks! W-welcome to the auction!" The Rick on-stage welcomed happily.

"W-we got some Rickless Morties for sale today..." he continued. A few Ricks whooped, while around a hundred got up and left.

"Up first is W-937," The Rick began approaching the first Morty in line. He grabbed the boy by the arm and guided him on the X.

"Computer, t-take it frOOOOMmm here," the Rick mumbled, leaving the stage. The camera-like things lit up with a blue light, and scanned the Morty briskly. The teen looked around, confusion and fear taking over. Everything from his age to his medical history was displayed on the screens above and around the stage. A few tears ran down his face. Most of the Ricks roared with laughter, relishing in the boy's discomfort. This only made the Morty cry harder, embarrassment ripping at him.

"SHUT THE FUCK UP, RICK! I HATE YOU!!!!!" He screamed, running in a random direction to try to get away from it all. As he charged forward, an invisible force made him bounce back like he'd hit a wall. A forcefield separated the Ricks and Morties, so no Ricks could get in, and no Morties could get out. A Rick in the front was recording the chaos unfold with his iphone, while others held up signs with their dimension number on it.

“Alriiiiiight, we got seventeen bids on W-937...” The Rick from earlier announced,” Congratulations to F-148 Rick, with a bid of 140,000,000,000 smeckles- damn, really? Anyway, you’re Morty will meet you in the main hall, jus-just look for the yellow portal. Up next is E-142,” The Rick stated. The next Morty walked to the X and smiled, waving to the crowd. This Morty had long sleeves and long, flowing hair to match. A few hundred Ricks muttered to each other. He was scanned, and instantly was bought off.

Morty was next. He really didn’t want to make a bad impression, but he also didn’t want to be something that was bought and sold. It couldn’t be helped, however, so he just accepted his fate. He wore the trademark yellow shirt and blue jeans, along with the curly, untamed hair and nervous expression. He wasn’t even scanned before a Rick stood up, waving his sign like crazy. This Rick looked pretty normal to Morty, as he didn’t have any abnormal growths or anything (that Morty could see, at least).

“Um...Okay. So, looks like G-318 Morty is sold to Rick Sanchez from dimension R-422. Whoop di fuckin’ do, AMIRITE?” The stage Rick snickered. The crowd whooped and cheered, tripping the Rick as he left. One guy yelled, “NEEEEEERRRRRDDDD!!!!” and threw a weird, alien thing at the poor Rick. If R-422 was literally any other Rick, he would have either dodged it or shot it. This guy didn’t do this, and instead squealed and tore at the back of his lab coat. He successfully got the creature off, flipping the other Ricks off as he exited through a portal. All the other Ricks laughed and high-fived.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

I just had to continue this... :) I have a lot of school stuff I gotta deal with, so this is just a quick thing.

2.

R-422 scanned the hall for the yellow portal. He eventually spotted it, and quickly approached it. He peeked his head in, and his Morty had a stamp on his forehead, with their dimension number on it in a bold, black font.

“C-come on, G-318,” The Rick ordered. The Morty complied with his head down. Rick slung his arm around the poor child and held him close. Morty sniffled.

“Hey-hey, look, Morty. I know this is scary and c-confusing, but I promise I’ll be good to ya,” Rick rubbed Morty’s back. Rick’s voice was notably more soft spoken and genuinely caring.

“You- you’re not my Rick,” Morty mumbled.

“a-a-and you’re not my Morty,” Rick replied. Morty sighed into Rick’s coat.

“I just wanna go home...” Morty sobbed. Rick stopped walking.

“Okay. Whatever y-you want,” Rick smiled gently. Morty knew right then something was very, very off with this Rick. His original Rick (or any other Rick he’d met) would have scolded him for bitchin’ at him so much and make sure to mumble some asshole comment under his breath. Something was up. No Rick was nice AND normal; it just wasn’t possible. Yeah, there were a few kind Ricks, but they were either dumb as dirt or really rapey. Morty prayed it was the former rather than the latter.

Everything seemed normal. Summer was in her room, Beth was at work, and Jerry was in his home office. The duo walked through the portal. Rick took in each detail of the house with wonder in his eyes.

“Whoa, so-so you have a family?” the Rick asked, staring at a family photo.

“Yeah. So, what? You didn’t?” Morty snapped.

“Uhm...no... I-I don’t wanna talk about that, okay?” Rick mumbled.

“What’s up with you?!” Morty screamed. Rick stared at the boy, shocked by the sudden outburst.

“I-I...”

“You WHAT?!” Morty shouted again.

“I never had kids, is that what ya wanna hear?! No one likes me!” Rick cried, tearing up a little.

“I’m not even considered a Rick, ya know that?! The council says I-I-I’m a smart Morty in a Rick’s body, okay?!” He continued. Morty still glared at him.

“So-so you’re telling me that you’re not a Rick?” Morty pouted.

“No, Morty, listen! The council doesn’t register me as a Rick, b-because I’ve got an anxiety

disorder and shit, just like you! But, but, I'm still just as smart as a normal Rick..." Rick was wiping away tears now, looking much more like a child now. Morty sighed.

"S-sorry," Morty mumbled.

"it's okay; sometimes I just..." Rick sniffed. Morty took his hand and led him upstairs.

"Here's your room," Morty stated. Rick shuffled inside, examining the miscellaneous sketches and nick-nacks on the walls.

"So, w-who's your family?" Rick asked.

"Well, I have a sister, her name's Summer, my Mom's name is Beth, and my dad's name is Jerry. Oh, and, by the way, you hate Jerry," Morty explained.

"He's my son-in-law, r-right?" Rick questioned. Morty nodded.

"Uhm, Rick? Why haven't you burped at all?" Morty asked out of nowhere.

"Oh, yeah. Rick's do do that, don't they?" Rick mumbled to himself, "I'm not r-really a heavy drinker; it effects my anti-anxiety medication too much."

"Whoa. Do-do ya do any drugs or anything, then?"

"Well, I-I smoke sometimes. Why?"

"I dunno... just askin' ya know," Morty muttered.

Morty toured Rick around the whole house. By the time he was finished explaining everything about his old Rick and shed a few tears, Beth was home and supper was on the table. Rick sat close to Morty, just in case he misspoke or forgot something. A casserole was displayed on the middle of the table, with a green garnish on the top for looks. It seemed like this Jerry enjoyed cooking.

"Th-this looks really good!" Rick exclaimed, not thinking. The family stared back at Rick.

"Uh, uh, good for-for a dipshit!" he added. They quickly resumed eating, chatting, and texting. Rick sighed out of relief, but his face was burning hot. Morty noticed this, and pat his grandfather's thigh under the table. Rick jumped a little at this, then relaxed when he realized it was just Morty. The teen's hand was warm and so soft. Time seemed to pass quickly, and before either of them realized it, everybody finished their meal and headed upstairs and to the living room.

"Thanks, Morty," Rick smiled. Morty smiled back.

"N-no problem," Morty uttered, "I-I'm gonna go to bed. Are you coming?"

"Sure. I'll clean up," Rick offered.

"Okay. Goodnight, grampa," Morty yawned. Rick grinned ear-to-ear, and embraced Morty.

Morty gasped a little, then relaxed into Rick's warmth.

He let go, and whispered, "Goodnight, Morty."

Uncomfortable

Chapter Summary

It gets a little wierd here... -3- oh well.

3.

Rick sat in the bathtub, cigarette in hand. That day wasn't a particularly bad one, but he just knew his Morty didn't like him. He hoped that he would be good enough, but what if good isn't something a Morty like him wanted? A trillion self hating thoughts ran through his mind. He took a long drag from the half smoked cigarette. He examined a few old slash marks on his thigh. After about five seconds of thought, he just discarded the cigarette in the toilet. Someone knocked on the door.

"Hey, sweetie, are you in there?" Beth asked.

Rick realized she thought he was Morty, and replied, "Nah, it's me."

"Okay; just wanted to make sure everything was okay," she muttered, walking away. What did she mean by 'okay'?

The next day was a Wednesday. Of course, Beth and Jerry wanted Morty to attend school. Rick wouldn't normally object (D-422 at least), but today was the first day he could really spend time with his 'grandson'.

"I-I dunno, Beth. I mean, look at him!" Rick gestured around Morty's face.

"He looks fine to me, Dad," Beth said, unconvinced.

"Who's the-the genius scientist, Beth?" Rick retorted.

"Whatever, fine. When Morty can't get into college, I'm blaming you," Beth stated, pointing a finger in her father's face. Rick rolled his eyes.

"So-so I'm not goin' to school today?" Morty perked up.

"Yeah, M-Morty, we-I need your help with something," Rick said, grabbing Morty by the arm. He led Morty downstairs and into the basement.

"D-does your family like me?" Rick whispered loudly as he closed the door behind them.

"Uhh, I guess... I mean, they think you're our Rick, so..." Morty muttered. Rick nodded.

"Do you w-wanna go somewhere? L-l-like an adventure?" Rick offered, retrieving his portal gun from his jacket. Morty nodded quickly. Rick thought for a moment, and punched in a few coordinates. He opened a portal and walked into it, Morty following close behind.

"M-Morty?"

"What, Rick?" Morty asked.

"Uhm...well... D-do you like me? Like, as in, as much as your old Rick?"

"I dunno..." Morty mumbled, avoiding eye contact. The truth was, Morty was still grieving over the loss of his Rick. It would have been easier if Morty had some time to breathe and think about the situation, but no. He just had to get shipped off to the Cidedel of Ricks and be auctioned off to another one.

"It's a simple question, Morty," Rick stated, his tone changing from nervous to cruel and cold.

“I-I’m just confused right now, Rick,” Morty stuttered, looking away now.

“Oh...” Rick whispered, “I understand...” He forced a smile. Morty smiled back, forcing all the anxious thoughts out of his mind.

The world around them was pastel and pretty, with pink skies and yellow dirt. It looked like they jumped right into a storybook. Morty was enchanted with the lavender flower-like things and peaceful creatures that fluttered around the two.

“W-wow, Rick. This is amazing!” Morty grinned. Rick was silently smiling as he watched the boy explore the alien planet. He saw Morty approaching a beautiful flower; it was pink and orange, almost resembling the sky. Rick recognized it as one of the most dangerous plants in the galaxy. Would it be better to let Morty get sick and nurse him back to health, or to save him now? Rick chose the latter, and swiftly snatched Morty away from the poisonous plant.

“H-hey, you-you gotta be careful, Morty. Look, that right there, that flower’s poisonous as hell,” Rick pointed to the beautiful plant.

“Oh, geez...” Morty muttered, clutching the lab coat. Rick combed his fingers through Morty’s hair, murmuring sweet things to him. Morty stayed, enjoying the positive attention, but it soon became creepy.

“Uhh...t-that’s okay, Rick... I get it...” He protested, gently trying to worm away. Rick relaxed his grip. He mumbled an apology and began walking again. Morty frowned, his thoughts from earlier slowly coming back. He shooed them away, instead focusing on having a good time.

Aftermath

Chapter Summary

Rick decides to get to know Summer. ****!!**Self Harm references and smoking**!!****

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

4.

Dinner that night was awkward. Morty still sat with Rick, but he didn't speak to him much. Rick didn't seem to mind, but it really hurt him. Why doesn't anyone like me? What did I do? Is it because...

"Uh, hey, um... Rick?" Morty snapped Rick out of his self-loathing thoughts. Rick stared at Morty with wide eyes.

"Can-can I talk to you?" He added. Morty led his grandfather to his room, shutting the door behind them. Rick's mind went to the worst conclusions. Maybe he's going to tell me to leave and never come back, or that he hates me...

"Why did you buy me?" Morty asked bluntly.

Rick thought for a moment. "You looked normal, I-like you would like me? I dunno, you just reminded me of myself... kind of. I-I can't really explain it..." He rambled. Morty stared into Rick's eyes like he was reading the elder's mind. Rick broke the eye contact, staring at his feet. He shifted from foot to foot, growing more uncomfortable by the second.

"I-is there anything else?" Rick asked. Morty shrugged. The elder squeezed the teen's shoulder as he exited the room.

Summer's room was just a few steps past Morty's. Rick figured while he was upstairs, he should get to know his granddaughter. He gently knocked on the door.

Summer groaned, “Whaaaaaattt?” Rick flinched at the harsh reply. He opened the door, peeking his head in. Summer’s expression changed from annoyed to a little excited.

“Hey, Grampa Rick!” She greeted as she looked up from her phone.

“H-Hi, Summer?” Rick uttered, the statement coming out as a question. Summer sighed.

“Are ya drunk or something?” she frowned.

“N-n-no! I don’t-“ he stuttered.

“And if you’re asking if I want to be your test subject, the answer is NO,” Summer added.

“I-I-I just wanted to check- to see how you’re doing...” Rick mumbled.

“MORTY! GRAMPA’S ACTING WIEEEEEERD!!!!” Summer shouted. Rick was fed up with her now. For a second he counted the last Rick lucky. Morty stumbled into the room and looked around cautiously, as if someone was watching them.

“What happened to Rick?” Summer asked. Morty frowned. Rick stared at the boy as if the world would end if he said the wrong thing. Morty cowered under the intimidating gaze.

“Uh...W-well, uhm.... You-you see Summer-“ Morty stuttered. Rick clamped a hand over the boy’s mouth and dragged him out of the room, slamming the door behind them.

“You- you can’t tell anyone about me!” Rick reminded Morty. Morty nodded. Rick unclasped his hand from the boy’s face and stood, sighing. Summer emerged from her room to evaluate the situation. After a few moments, she shrugged and enclosed herself back into her abode.
0-0-0-0-0

Rick plopped himself on his cot, taking out a cigarette. If this wasn’t a perfect time for a smoke, he didn’t know what was. The bitter taste was now a comforting one, the initial sting of the smoke gone. It was times like this when Rick would really think about his life. What had he done for the universe? Nothing. All his life, he ran. He ran from his abusive parents, from other people, and eventually himself. All he was now was another one of them. Rick was so tired of the council telling him what to do, where to go, who to be. Self harm and smoking was really the only thing Rick could control in his life. (He didn’t intend to stop anytime soon) Too soon, the cigarette was smoked to the butt. Rick put it out and covered himself with the thin, green blanket on his cot. A few stray tears turned into full-on sobbing, and eventually he’d cried himself to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!!!!!! :) Leave a kudos and a comment, please! They inspire me to continue my growth in writing and drawing. Thanks again!!! <3

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Just trying to bring this back. I don't think there's much more to say about this story, but eh. Enjoy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It's been a year since Rick D-422 moved in with a new Morty. Summer never really accepted her grandfather's newfound gentleness, and of course Beth and Jerry didn't notice.

"H-hey Morty! Check this out!" Rick yelled from the basement. He didn't usually like doing science stuff alone, but Morty was busy talking to Jessica on the phone. By now, Rick figured that Morty would have hung up. Eventually, Morty appeared in the basement, dreamy smile plastered on his face.

"What is it?" He asked.

"Get this, Mort. Ovenless br-brownies."

Morty's favorite was always double chocolate brownies.

The two shared a tin of fresh brownies, and in that moment, Rick knew he picked the right Morty.

END.

Chapter End Notes

I say this is the end, but if you have any kind of scenario you'd like to see this Rick in, message me or leave a comment. Thanks for reading.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!